

The

KALIFORNSKI

Since 1979

NEWSLETTER OF THE YUGOSLAV-AMERICAN CULTURAL ORGANIZATION, INC. NO. 24 JUNE - '81
P.O. BOX 226, Watsonville, CA. 95077
(A NON-PROFIT & NON-RELIGIOUS, & NON-POLITICAL CLUB)

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ATTENTION

LOOK WHO'S GETTING INVOLVED
(COMMITTEES - COMMITTEES)

ANN CERNOKUS has most appreciatively agreed to serve as the Chairperson of our SUNSHINE COMMITTEE!!! WELCOME ANN. If any of your friends or relatives in YACO are ill or recovering from an illness, please drop ANN a line at 10 Crescent Drive, Watsonville, CA 95076 or call her at 724-5179. We will also like to start a Hospitality Corner wherein our members will be remembered in times of bereavement with a card or a visit from friends who care. For more information, please call BABE at 724-1284 or ANN at 724-5179.

EMME COLENDICH - Welcome aboard EMME! EMME has very willingly offered to serve as our Potluck Chairperson or Director. This is a very important job as you all well know. Without our potlucks, YACO would be a very sad organization. This being our greatest opportunity for getting together and catching up on all of our news and families, EMME has really done us a great service. HVALA!

Well, for our ARTS & CRAFTS CORNER, we have some prospective volunteers who might chair this event. We will hope to replace the Country Store with this section at our potlucks and will include handcrafted items for your enjoyment and purchase. YACO will do all possible to keep you interested and happy!!! If you have an interest in this area, call BABE at 724-1284.

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YACO Officers

President - Andy Gulermovich 722-0622

Vice-President - Babe (Brautovich)
Hill 724-1284

Secretary - Bruce Arthur 476-4586

Financial Secretary - Pat Gulermovich
722-0622

Treasurer - Ron Hill 724-1284

Publicity Director - Pat (Gospodnetich)
Solano - 724-1731 or
724-4725

Potluck

WHEN: Sunday, June 7, 1981
4:00 PM to ????

WHERE: VFW Hall - 1960 Freedom Blvd.
Freedom, California

WHO: YACO members, friends, relatives, and anyone interested in having a great time !

PROGRAM: In addition to the delicious food, we will have 8 track taped Yugoslav music for KOLO DANCING. Come early and stay late!

REMEMBER, bring enough food to serve everyone in your party and don't forget to bring your own plates and utensils. We will supply the rest.

RECIPE CHAIRPERSON

YACO has for some time considered publishing a cookbook with your favorite recipes. We thought it might be a generous and great idea to share your favorite meals with the many friends and members of YACO. Also, this would be an ideal opportunity for YACO to raise funds for an important project.

CAROLE GOSPODNETICH (she's married to JERRY GOSPODNETICH) has graciously agreed to be the Chairperson to receive and file the many recipes we anticipate you sending in. CAROLE's address is 7 Blossom Drive, Watsonville, CA 95076. Simply print legibly the recipe and your name and address and send to Carole at her address. Send as many as you would like though we will have to separate and organize the final recipes for publication. This is a GREAT IDEA and would be realized with your help. Many other clubs have succeeded with this venture. Help us to make a name for YACO and its many fine cooks!!!

JERRY GOSPODNETICH has kindly offered to serve as Liquid Refreshment Chairperson again this year. JERRY will be in charge of ordering the wine and soda for any of our affairs thereby keeping our many YACO members happy and non-thirsty!!! GOOD WORK JERRY!!!

RON HILL, who has served us so very well in the past where coffee and its go-to-gether's are concerned, has willingly agreed to serve as Chairperson of the Coffee Committee. RON, RON, RON, what would YACO do without you??? (Good to the very last drop!!!)

GLORIA RESETAR has so kindly offered to serve as our new Refreshment Chairperson to keep us supplied with all of those delicious desserts that STELLA LUCICH did so well. WELCOME ABOARD GLORIA. GLORIA will be in touch with the membership from time to time with regard to their bringing some delicious refreshment for our regular meetings and the 4th or 5th of July celebration. Stay tuned for further contact!!!

I'll be in touch with you also for future items of interest as to what People are doing in YACO to make it a GREATER organization!!!

Patricia L. (Gospodnetich) Solano
Publicity Director

"OSLOBODJENJE"
Sarajevo, 15.06.1978.

Dodite u Ljubinje

LJUBINJE SE SVE DO SADA nije moglo pohvaliti turističkom ponudom, jer osim prirode, ništa drugo nije moglo zadržati turiste i putnike u ovom hercegovačkom mjestu. Međutim, od ovog ljeta, Ljubinje će imati moderan hotel »B« kategorije sa 50 ležaja. Hotel će biti smješten u prostranom parku punom zelenila preko puta Trga slobode i Spomenika palim borcima NOR.

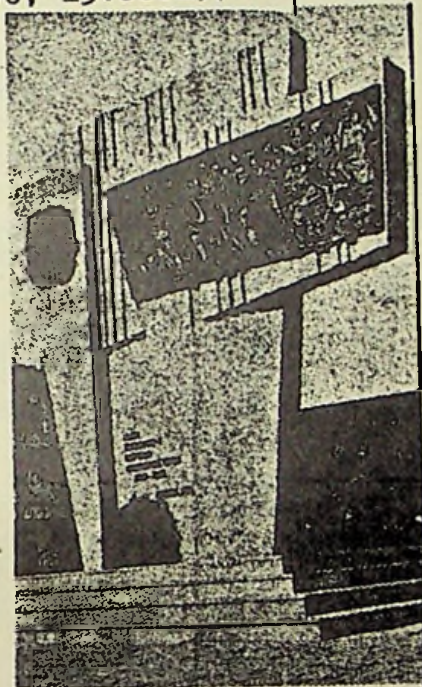
Uz komforan smještaj u dvokrevetnim i jednokrevetnim sobama gosti hotela imaju priliku da u restoranu probaju specijalitet ovog kraja, prije svega čuveno jareče pečenje i kozji pršut, a ko je i jedanput probao Ljubinski sir, neće propustiti priliku da to ponovo učini.

Posebne šanse za razvoj turizma u Ljubinju ukazuju se i izgradnjom puta Ljubinje — Trebinje i puta Zavala — Slano, što će Ljubinje približiti jadranskoj obali na svega 40 kilometara.

Biće to istovremeno i najkraći put Sarajevo — Dubrovnik i veliko olakšanje motorizovanim turistima sa područja Sarajeva koji putuju prema Dubrovniku, jer umjesto preopterećene jadranske magistrale do Dubrovnika moći će da putuju preko živopisnih hercegovačkih krajeva od Bune, kod Mostara, preko Domanovića, Stoca, Ljubinja, kroz Popovo polje, pored čuvene pećine Vjetrenice sve do Slanog ili preko Trebinja u Dubrovnik.

Životna sredina u Ljubinju, ispitivanjem je utvrđeno, nije ni minimalno zagađena i jedna je od najčistijih i najzdravijih u SR Bosni i Hercegovini. Zato će sigurno mnogi poželjeti da prođu ovim putem, ali i da se zadrže u Ljubinju, pravoj oazi zelenila i tišine.

Zarko RADIC, Ljubinje



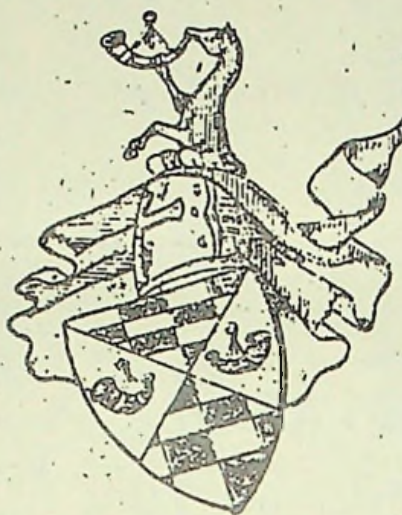


CROATIAN

Roots in America

By Adam S. Eterovich

Marianovich



Mariani (Marljani, Marianovich, Marijanovich, Drazojevech) is found at Komiza, on the island of Vis, in great numbers. Found in Dalmatia and all parts of Croatia, the name Mariani is related to the noble houses of Drazojevech and Tomasovich.

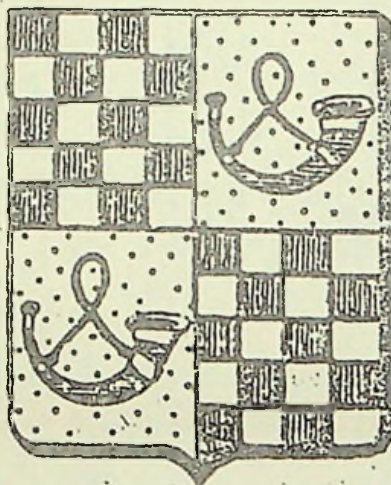
Identical in composition, the Drazojevech-Marianovich coats of arms exhibit vertical lines the color red, white areas, silver and the dots, gold.

Count Drazojevech, Gianco-Janco, also Mariani-Marionovich, came to Dalmatia in the 1600's to the Poljica Republic, Omis, Split, Brac, Trogir and other places in the Dalmatian region. One branch of this large clan was under the domain of Count Girolamo Gianco Marianovich-Mariani. The Drazojevech was also known to have Draxenovich and Drazenovich variations.

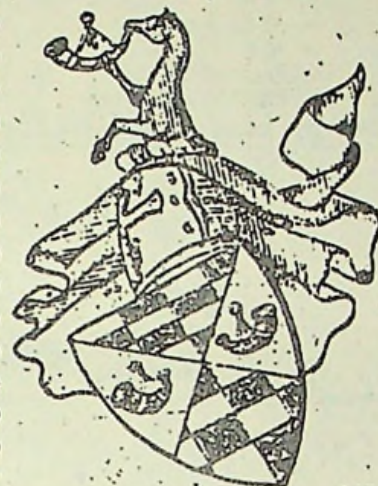
During the time when the Turks had moved into the Balkan territory, many Croatian families and clans of the upper class, nobility, intellectuals and trades moved into Dalmatia. Since Dalmatia was under the Republic of Venice at the time, many people, as citizens of Venice, used the Latin-Italian versions of their Slavic names. These names were alternate names of convenience and became nicknames and later actual family names.

Coats of arms for the Marianovich-Drazojevech families are on display at the University Library in Zagreb and list from the year 1595.

(Courtesy of the Croatian Genealogical Society, 1372 Rosewood Ave., San Carlos, Calif. 94070.)



HRVATSKI KORIJENI U AMERICI



MARIANI

File: Adam S. Eterovich

Mariani (Marljani, Marianovich, Marijanovich, Drazojevech) se mogu naći u velikom broju na Komizi na otoku Visu. Ime Mariani se može naći u Dalmaciji i svim djelovima Hrvatske. U srođu je sa plemićkim kućama Drazojevech i Tomaso-vech.



Identični u izradbi, vertikalne crte grba Drazojevech-Marianovich su crvene boje, bijeli dio je srebrni a točke su pozlaćane.

Grof Drazojevech, Gianco-Janco, također Mariani-Marianovich, došli su u Dalmaciju 1600-tih godina u republiku Police, Omis, Split, Brač, Trogir i druga mjesta u Dalmaciji. Jedan ogranak ovog velikog plemena je bio pod vlastelinstvom Grofa Girolamo Marianovich-Mariani. Ime Drazojevech je također imalo varijaciju Draxenovich i Drazenovich.

Kada su Turci došli na Balkan, mnoge hrvatske obitelji, plemena više klase, grofovi, intelektualci i trgovci odselili su se u Dalmaciju. Pošto je Dalmacija bila pod vladom Venecijske Republike, mnogi ljudi, kao građani Venecije, upotrebljavali su Latinsku-Talijansku varijaciju svojih Slavenskih imena. Ova imena su izmjenjivali radi olakšice, kasnije su postali nadimci i konačno obiteljska imena.

Grbovi Marianovich-Drazojevech obitelji se nalaze na izložbi u knjižnici Zagrebačkog univerziteta i datiraju od 1595. godine.

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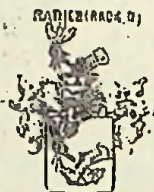
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By: ADAM S. ETEROVICH

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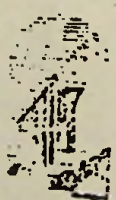
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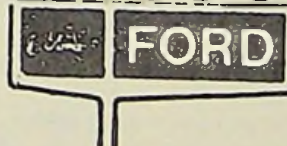


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Ruritania Revisited

Frozen in time, its royal relics lovingly preserved by Yugoslavia's Marxist government, the little Montenegrin town of Cetinje dreams of the days when, improbably enough, it was a real-life Ruritania—the inspiration for such romantic fantasies as *The Prisoner of Zenda*.



There is only one proper way to go to Cetinje. You start at the Gulf of Kotor, the spectacular mountain-ringed fjord that disrupts the coastline of southern Yugoslavia near the Albanian frontier, and you take the hair-raising spiral road, what used to be called the Ladder of Cattaro, up what appears at first sight to be the sheer face of a mountain—high, high up the formidable rock rampart that rings the heart of Montenegro. For many centuries, people have come this way with trepidation: on mules, frightened of bandits; on cavalry horses, terrified of guerrillas; in troop carriers, wary of partisans; and now in tourist coaches and rented cars, heart-in-mouth at the prospect of having a blowout and falling off the edge.

Probably no road on earth travels so far so shortly. It is only a few miles from the bottom of the Ladder to the top, but in the course of its 15 loops you change worlds. At the bottom is the Mediterranean world—towers and villas the Venetians built, cruise ships from Piraeus, pergolas, holiday beaches, and sweet-smelling flowers. At the

top is the austere mountain world of the Montenegrins, a harsh little state of being all its own—different in landscape, different in climate, different in history, different in kind.

As you round the last twist in that dizzy road, you find all about you the bare and severe plateau of the Lovćen massif, like a Plasticine landscape, corrugated here and there with what look like the runnels of ancient avalanches, waterless, apparently soilless, and studded with arid patches of scrub. You pass one bleak and windswept settlement crouched in a declivity in the plain, and there is nothing more, not a hut, not a barn, until in the middle of the wasteland suddenly you see before you, set in its own stony scoop among the hills, the city of Cetinje.

I call it a city for courtesy's sake, but it does not look like much from the road above: a long, tree-lined street—a cluster of buildings at the

far end of it, a few splotches of green for parks or gardens, a scatter of houses around the edge. It looks like a not particularly welcoming oasis in a flinty highland desert. For more than four centuries, though, Cetinje was the capital of the Montenegrins, one of the most formidably independent peoples on the earth's surface; and more to our present point, for a decade or two around the turn of the century, it was also the undisputed capital of that indestructible kingdom of fantasy, Ruritania.

It has an air to it from the start. That long central avenue, which turns out to be called Boulevard Lenin, though bumpy from the winter snows and lined for the most part by undistinguished single-story houses, possesses a certain ceremonial feel. Cetinje (which is pronounced, more or less, *settinya*) is the capital of nowhere nowadays; the headquarters of the Socialist Republic of Crna Gora, one of the six constituent republics of Yugoslavia, has moved up the road to Titograd. But Cetinje has been for so long important in its own eyes, and intermittently in the eyes of

others, that it is infused with an exhilarating sensation of swagger. Its people are very handsome and bear themselves magnificently. Its upland climate is stimulating. Its buildings—well, its buildings get odder as we progress down the street, and they give to the little town a curiously hallucinatory effect, like a cross between Hollywood and Turgenev.

It was not always Ruritania—just the contrary. Almost alone in the entire Balkans, the territory of the Christian Montenegrins was never conquered by the Turks. When all around them had succumbed, when Turkish armies were at the gates of Vienna, far to the north, when Turkish fleets lay in the Gulf of Kotor, just down the mountain, the indomitable Montenegrins never surrendered, habitually decorating their capital with the skulls of slaughtered Muslims and inculcating their children, generation after generation, with a savage and relentless defiance.

More than that, if they succeeded in preserving their political independence, they succeeded, too, in maintaining their peculiar way of life. They were ruled by prince-bishops, fighting prelates who combined all authority—spiritual, secular, and strategic—in one mighty office. It was the greatest of these men, the nineteenth-century leader Petar Njegoš, who brought the Montenegrin spirit to a climax and gave Cetinje its original fulfillment.

There is his palace now, that low, gray building at the foot of the hill, more like a huge stable than a princely residence, overlooked by an unpretentious towered monastery on the slope behind. The palace is called the Biljarda, because it contains a billiard table (quarter size) presented to Njegoš by the czar of Russia and brought on muleback up the Ladder.

Njegoš loved billiards. Six foot six, marvelously good-looking, a crack shot, a learned jurist, a gifted linguist, the greatest poet of Montenegrin literature, he was heroic in all his enthusiasms, and he haunts the city still: his portrait in almost every bar, his palace a museum, his epic poems still in print, his tomb where he decreed it, high above the city on the summit of Mount Lovćen, looking down from that terrific vantage point (in winter deep in snow) upon his devoted little capital.

But it is not Njegoš's Cetinje that we have come to see, and anyway it has long been overlaid by memories less tremendous. His was the tread of war, art, and learning. Now, as you leave your car outside the Biljarda and walk across the gravel into town, it is the beat of ghostly polkas that is more likely to reach you, bugle calls perhaps, shrill duets of comic opera, snatches of stogy dialogue. Njegoš died in the splendor of his middle years, leaving Cetinje a proud, cultured, and invincible capital; half a century later, his nephew's nephew Nicholas proclaimed himself king of Montenegro and turned the place into a prodigy of another kind.

Only a stone's throw from the stern pile of the Biljarda, Nicholas's royal palace is something very different. From the outside, it may not seem very imposing, and it reminds me indeed of a more than usually prosperous dry-goods store, with living quarters above the shop, in a midwestern country town. Inside, though, it is the very encapsulation of opéra bouffe—cockaded hats, chivalric orders, swords, white gloves and all.

Nicholas I, the first and last king of Montenegro, came to power in the heyday of monarchical delusion, when emperors, kings, princes, and grand dukes lorded it all over Europe; and it was his delight, from his own modest and inaccessible seat of power, to picture himself among their egregious company. This fancy he assiduously translated into fact, and his palace is stuffed in every corner with Royallness. It is a museum of monarchy, a cabinet of kingship. On every wall hang portraits of crowned and coroneted heads—among them unimaginable empresses and unidentifiable princelings; that other Nicholas, the czar of all the Russias; and that other stickler for form, the future George V of England, his portrait

signed with a cramped hand and a forgivably misspelled Cetinje during his visit to Montenegro in 1887.

Your state-appointed guide takes you from crown to crown, court to court, with every sign of respect, reeling off the royal pedigrees as adeptly as any old retainer of the aristocratic past. Observe the wardrobe full of the king's stupendous

uniforms. Note the dinner service presented by Napoleon III. Those stamps and coins, you will see, bear the head of His Majesty. That teak chair from Java was presented by the czarina. Beneath the portrait of King Nicholas—This way! Step this way, please!—hangs a frock coat as worn by Montenegrin diplomatic representatives at foreign courts.

The fantasy thickens as you wander on; the dream proliferates. What a staggering profusion of medals and orders, stacked with their gaudy ribbons in big glass cases, surmounted by the lions, the elephants, the peacocks, the bears, and the miscellaneous chimeras of international chivalry! What elaborations of chinoiserie, rococo, or Second Empire, presented to His Majesty by this potentate or that to celebrate one formal occasion or another! A gigantic polar-bear skin covers the kingly bedroom floor. A mournful tapestry depicting the composer Verdi—unaccountably presented to the palace, so the guide says, by George Bernard Shaw—hangs above the piano that Liszt is supposed to have played in one of the princesses' bedrooms.



Cetinje: the town that inspired operettas

Perched on a harsh plateau high above the Adriatic, Cetinje has scant intrinsic charm. Nonetheless, during Montenegro's brief independence (1878–1918), the little city was a seat of pomp and circumstance and an inspiration for writers of light opera and romantic fiction.

* For yes, the dynastically minded Nicholas fathered three little princes and nine princesses, and the trophies and emblems of their marital alliances, too, hang thick upon the walls of this remote Balkan villa, linking it astonishingly with the network of Schönbrunn, Windsor, and Winter palaces. One daughter married the king of Italy, one the king of Serbia; two became the pair of grand duchesses who introduced Rasputin to the Russian court; and one gave birth, in a house just across the road from the palace, to the future King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

So King Nicholas really did realize his ambitions, and he furnished his house, top to bottom, with reminders of his lineage and achievement. He had made it; and everywhere, on badges and buttons, cutlery and cannon, the double-headed Eagle of Montenegro, elevated now to the status of a royal cipher, gave notice of his admission to the company of the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs.

All this panoply sits ironically in Cetinje. It is essentially a spare and sinewy kind of town, not at all upholstered. There is nothing ample about it. It is built of a grayish monastic stone, and its buildings are low, giving it a crouching stance. All around, the mountains grimly rise, and if the sky is often brilliantly blue, the landscape around the town is all monochrome. There is nothing much in the way of a main square, the most obvious focus of the place being a small church whose churchyard railings consist entirely, and characteristically, of the gun barrels of captured Turkish rifles. For the rest, Cetinje sprawls shapelessly around the southern end of Boulevard Lenin (which revealingly turns at its southern end into Njegoš Street). Its sidewalks are always full of lounging men and hurrying housewives. Its shops are communistically drab. Its policemen are Montenegrinly relaxed. Its style is easygoing but faintly arrogant.

Upon this mountain village, for it is hardly more even now, King Nicholas imposed the trappings of European consequence, and the powers of the day took him seriously. Encouraged by the astute if risible chieftain, they hastened to accredit their envoys to his ridiculous court, and their legations stand there still, converted into state in-

stitutions of one sort or another but still preposterously incongruous. For a few years they sustained, high on this uncomfortable plateau, all the pretense and protocol of *la vie diplomatique*; and there are a few aged diplomatists still alive, retired long since from their careers, who remember being sent *en poste*—with sinking heart, I daresay, and ambitions temporarily flattened—to their country's mission in Cetinje.

The old Italian legation on the boulevard is the most elegant of them: it had to be, for the princess Helen of Montenegro was queen of Italy, and there were lofty comings and goings between Cetinje and Rome. It appears to have had, unpromisingly in such a climate, an orangery, and it is surrounded by gardens of aromatic pines, pleasant for royal garden parties or diplomatic tête-à-têtes. On the other hand, the Imperial Russian legation is unquestionably the stateliest: it has fallen into decay now, after some years' service as a city hall, but is still evocative, with lodges, flagpoles, and sculptured symbolisms—you can almost see the dust rise still from the ministerial carriage wheels and hear the hiss of the samovar in the ruined kitchens at the back.

The French legation was daringly built in an Art Deco style, the very latest thing then, and is stuck about with colored glass tiles and squiggly lamp brackets and curiously angled. The British mission is like a country house, gentlemanly, discreet, and conveniently close to the palace of the crown prince. The Austrian legation has a private chapel, angel-embellished, as well as a sentry box at the gate. The Turks, who would seem lucky to have had a legation in Cetinje at all, sensibly made it as unobtrusive as possible, in case the Montenegrins decided they needed a few more decorative skulls.

The Americans economically made do with rooms in the Grand Hotel, but this was not much sacrifice, for the Grand was the true center of Cetinje social life. It stands there still, near the foot of the town, though not at present open for business, and looks from its comfortable posture and spacious foyer as though it must have been just the place for a jolly diplomatic ball or a party to celebrate somebody's National Day.

Imagine the life that hummed around these strange and anomalous

structures in the days before the First World War—the presentations at the palace, with courtly aides and attentive majordomos, the invitations delivered by sashed messengers, the encounters of ministers' wives on Sunday promenades. The intrigues, too, no doubt—the confiding and betraying of diplomatic secrets, the catching of influential ears, the writing of tantalizing dispatches. For in those inflammatory days, when the Balkans were the tinderbox of Europe, Montenegro was all too often in the minds of statesmen.

King Nicholas adored it all, of course, and made sure that no nicety of modern monarchy was neglected. He commissioned a fine new building, designed by Italian architects and decorated with rampant griffins, to house his departments of state. He built a court chapel outside his garden wall. He devised becoming uniforms for his soldiers, who had hitherto won their victories without benefit of uniforms at all, and sometimes he reviewed them, attended by the entire diplomatic corps, from the first-floor balcony of his palace.

And across the road from the Russian legation he built that sine qua non of any capital city, an opera house. It is there still. It looks, it is true, a little like a town hall and does not often stage an opera nowadays; but its little auditorium is infused with an unexpectedly innocent and poignant charm, an emanation of pleasures long ago enjoyed, of pretensions long ago, alas, discredited.

For all was swept away, levee to *Traviata*, by the scouring wind that was the Great War of 1914, leaving behind only these quaint relics and reminders of the one and only king. And long before that, actually, the village grandeurs of the Cetinje

court had suffered an apotheosis into frivolous parody. Anthony Hope, when he invented the kingdom of Ruritania for his *Prisoner of Zenda*, doubtless had the Montenegrin state in mind as the most improbable of all the petty Balkan monarchies. Franz Lehar certainly did when he wrote that resilient masterpiece of kitsch *The Merry Widow*, for its protagonist, the prince Danilo, is actually given a Montenegrin royal name. All the beloved absurdity of the musical-comedy courts, which strutted the stages of the West for so many

years, found its first and truest epitome here, far away among the fighting mountaineers of Lovćen.

It has its comic side still, the fantasy of Cetinje, but by now the old laughs have faded into suggestions melancholy and even tragic. Nicholas's prime model was the court of the Russian Romanovs. They were his closest allies, mentors, and exemplars. They accepted two of his daughters in royal alliance. They made him an honorary field marshal in the Imperial Army. They financed a lycée, next door to the Grand Hotel, where little Montenegrin girls could be trained into the ladylike disciplines of monarchy.

Unlike their czarist counterparts, the Montenegrin royal family were not murdered when their kingdom was abolished in 1918; they simply died off in exile. But it is still St. Petersburg that Cetinje, even now, most hauntingly suggests. The little court chapel in its walled enclosure; the pinewoods and the parks; the few old monks in their monastery up the hill; the very uniforms that hang in the king's closet; those ankle-hugging greatcoats, those stern-peaked caps—all are mementos, of a kind, of that other fated capital to the north. Spectral dance music welcomed us to Cetinje; imaginary fusillades salute our leaving.

In leaving Cetinje, there is no need to brave the Ladder again. Much easier roads lead down to the coast the southern way, to Budva. The images of that high plateau will pursue you nonetheless; not just the tinsel bravado of Nicholas's transient monarchy, nor even the grave eyes of the murdered Romanovs on those bedroom walls, but things profounder still and more permanent—images of Montenegro itself. Njegoš's Montenegro, the Black Mountain, which preceded these short-lived tomfooleries and survive them still. It was only a moment of folly that we have been reliving in the little town, and soon we are out of it all, back in the empty, trenchant wasteland, whose few houses are huddled still defiantly against wind, time, and earthquakes, and whose poet-prince looks down still (indulgently? ironically?) from his mausoleum on the mountaintop.

GLIMPSES OF CROATIAN HISTORY

The Mystery of the Croatian Indians

History contains many unsolved mysteries, legends and puzzles. This is because many events that took place did not leave any evidence: eyewitness accounts, written documents, and artifacts. For some events in history it is difficult to distinguish between legend and true facts. We know now that many legends are based on true facts of the past.

In this day and age scholars are constantly revising written history, expanding it by discovering new facts. It is known now for sure that, for instance, America was discovered long time before Columbus. Settlements peopled by immigrants from Europe, the Near East, and Africa existed centuries before 1492. Most of them vanished and the settlers were either partly exterminated or assimilated by the Indians. It seems, according to new discoveries by anthropologists, archeologists, linguists and historians that not all Indian tribes had come originally from Asia, as it was previously believed.

One of the unsolved mysteries in early American history, connected through the name of the Croatan Indians to the Adriatic Croats, evolves around the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island off the shores of North Carolina. There are persistent claims on the part of some writers and scholars in Croatia and in this country that the name of the Croatan Indians is to be linked to the Latin form "Croata" for "Croat" or "Croatian" (in Croatian language "Hrvat").

A Dalmatian legend has it that ships from Dubrovnik sailed westward across the Atlantic with a cargo of refugees from Turkish territory around 1540. One or more of these vessels sank off the coast of what is now North Carolina. The survivors mixed with the native Indians, who acquired the name "Croatan." According to this legend these voyagers preceded by about four decades Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated attempt to establish an Anglo-Saxon colony on Roanoke Island.¹

An American writer maintains that "a Croatian ship called at the first permanent settlement in America" (at Roanoke) and subsequently "salvaged the entire settlement from the destruction that was taking place."²

When the English settlers arrived at Roanoke Island in July, 1584, they found among the friendly Hatteras Indians children and other people with non-Indian racial features: "very fine auburn, and chestnut colored hair." They did learn from the Indians of the wrecked ships manned by white sailors. Who they were is not known.

Governor White who was sent by the crown to lead the settlers, left a colony of over 120 people at Roanoke Island in 1587. Upon his return in 1590 when he brought supplies for the settlers, he found the colony deserted and two inscriptions in the bark of a live oak: "Croatoan" and "Cro." According to their promise to White before he left for England, the settlers indicated through these signs that they had gone to live with the Indians on Croatan Island. Prevented by stormy weather from searching for the vanished colonists, White returned to England and the group from Roanoke Island thus passed forever out of history. The Lost Colony was most likely absorbed by the Croatans whose descendants live today in Robeson County, North Carolina. As American historians Hawks and McMillan stated: "... what may have been the origin of the tribe, known to us through the English colonists as Croatan, can only be a matter of conjecture."³

It is not certain that the terms "Croatoan" or "Croatan" are Indian words. If, however, the word "Croatan" is of English origin, it would indicate the Croatian descent of those white sailors. On the other hand, the similarity of the name "Croatan" (assuming that it is Indian) and "Croat" (from "Croata") may have been coincidental! The origin of the Croatan Indians thus remains an unsolved mystery shrouded in hearsay and legend. So far there is no historical evidence to prove that ships from the Adriatic were wrecked off the coast of North Carolina.

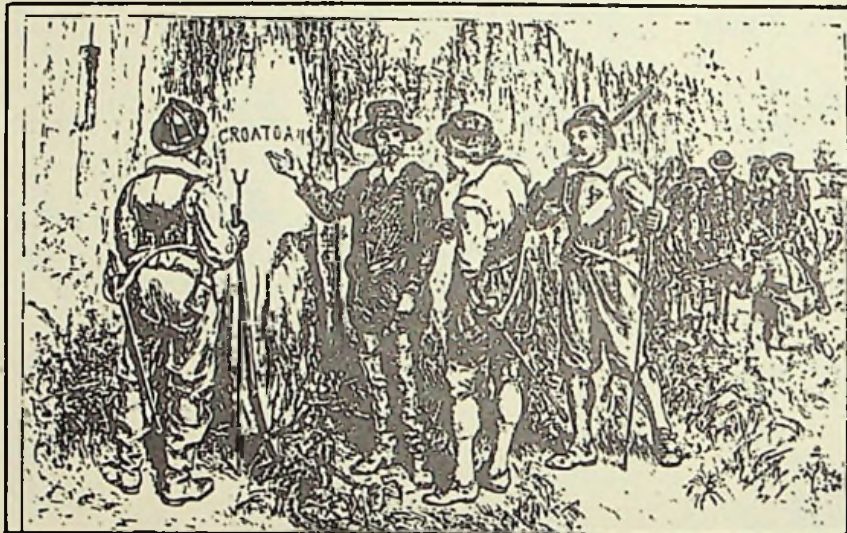
This coast has always been, as an American writer pointed out recently, a "fearsome coast." Near Roanoke Island is a barrier of shifting sand islands, the so-called Outer Banks. In these waters some two thousand vessels are known to have been lost. Thousands sailors and immigrants perished here.⁴ How many of them may have been Croats that came from the Adriatic shores?

There have been several articles dealing with the mystery of the Croats published in the old country during recent years. Some even claim that there are some words in the language of these Indians similar to those in Croatian. Captain Ivo Sisevic of Dubrovnik printed in 1976 a 32-page booklet. *Kroatski Indijanci*, with some interesting and new discoveries.

George J. Prpic, Ph.D.
Professor of History
Member, CFU Lodge 235



The site of the Lost Colony and the location of the Croatoan Indians as depicted on an old map. The left arrow points out the Croatoan Island in the late 1500's. The right one shows the island of Roanoke where the inscription "Croatoan" was found by Governor White in 1590. Today the narrow sea lane between Roanoke and the mainland is called Croatan Sound. (Source for the above illustration: William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay, *A Popular History of the United States*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1891, Vol. I, p. 243.) Neither one of these two illustrations was ever published in any Croatian publication.



THE LOST COLONY.

Source: William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay, *A Popular History of the United States* (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1891), Vol. I, p. 254-255.

The old engraving in this richly illustrated old history of America, printed almost ninety years ago, depicts Gov. White's party when it arrived on Roanoke in August 1590. They found no trace of the colony of white settlers they had left behind in August of 1587. On the trunk of a live oak they found the sign "Croatoan". It was left by the settlers indicating that they found asylum among the friendly Croatoan (or Croatan as most English sources call them) Indians. Their decision was probably prompted by a great emergency. Later on they were absorbed by the Indians.

SOURCES

1. For an extensive discussion of the topic see: George J. Prpic, "Early Croatian Contacts With America and the Mystery of the Croatans," *Journal of Croatian Studies* (New York, 1960), Vol. I, pp. 6-24. This article has been quoted several times in various publications in this and in the old country.

2. Joseph S. Roucek, and F. J. Brown, *One America* (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1960), p. 158.

3. Francis L. Hawks, *History of North Carolina* (Fayetteville, N.C.; Hale and Son, 1956), Vol. I, pp. 80-92; Hamilton McMillan, *Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony* (Wilson, N.C.: Advance Presses, 1888), p. 62. Also: William C. Bryant and Sydney H. Gay, *A Popular History of the United States* (New York: C. Scribner, 1891), Vol. I, pp. 241-258.

4. See a most recent article by Neil Morgan, "Home to North Carolina," *National Geographic Magazine* (March 1980), pp. 333-358. He also mentions that the people of North Carolina are preparing to start celebrate in 1894 the 400th anniversary of the first white settlement at Roanoke Island.

The following article was forwarded to THE KALIFORNSKI by John Basor. It appeared in the SANTA CRUZ EXPRESS on April 22, 1981.

Caught non-candidate Councilman Vido Deretich and 200-300 other people having a blast at one of the weekend highlights. The Yugoslav-American Cultural Organization turned some of the men loose in the kitchen at the Fairgrounds and brought in a tamboriza group. Have you ever tried to sit still listening to up-tempo Slavic music? Wasn't long before the dance area was jumping with people ranging in age from two to 80. Everyone was laughing and swaying along to the music. Happy! Hmmm maybe *that's* what we need rather than an outhouse in the park: more happy people. Thanks, YACO.

YACO Choral Group

YACO members who are attending the choral or singing group are having a great time! We are singing old favorites as well as some new songs and someday soon (I hope) we will be ready to perform before a YACO membership. What a treat (Really, we are that good!!). We are meeting at MARLEN RADOVICH's house at this time and have MARLENE to sing and accompany us on the piano. Call Naida or Marlene if you would like to join us.



Orchids & Accolades



by

Babe (Brautovich) Hill



In case that you didn't know it YACO'S year runs from May to May, so Happy New Year to YACO. With our new year comes the elections. and with the elections came, Andy Gulermovich; President, Babe Hill; Vice President, Bruce Arthur; secretary, Pat Gulermovich; financial secretary. Ron Hill; Treasurer. and Pat Solano; publicity director. Then we have committee chairpersons. Emme Colendich; pot luck, Ann Cernokus; sunshine and hospitaliv, Gloria Resetar; dessert, Bill Gospodnetich; storekeeper, Jerry Gospodnetich; wine and soft drinks. and last but not least John Basor; good will ambassador at large. We have a few Orchids and Accolades to hand out, first to Naida Nicholas for the signing and dancing director, your doing a great job Naida, so hang in there, Stella Lucich. many orchids for a year of always having dessert at all the meetings and the bar-b-que last year, Nevenka Radich for vice president (and for finding us all something to do) as trip Coordinator. John Basor for all the "write ups". Dorothy Bohn for getting out all the membership billing, etc. I only hope that those of us that are your Officers this year will do as well. ...Many, Many thanks to the Zanki's for their great slides at the last meeting. I really enjoyed the pictures of places that I went to last year, they were very heart warming. and full of pride, I loved them all, thanks Mike and Millie.... We had about fifty people in attendance, and as Nick Derpich Says "be thankfull that we had enough neople to run for office.", but I'm sure the Zanki's slides were a great drawing card...we are a very lucky Organization, we have Prof. Violich traveling Europe from England to Greece then back to Yugo. and I'm sure he will tell us all about it when he gets home. We had the Duquesne University Tamburitzans concert in Salinas, attended by about thirty Yacos,...we have a Marlene Radivich who gives not only her home, but time as well to our signing group.

We have a Ron Hill who gives me his recipe for english bakalar, it starts with one can of tuna an lots of onions. We have a president and his family that named their cocker spanial "Ljubav"... we have Mary Gizdich who wants to make us another Christmas tree this year can you please help her out with some "junk jewelry"...we have a scholarship fund to give out this year also, we did it last year remember?????...Now we have some very nice things that came our way; firstly, Nevenka and Zarko Radich have a lovely baby boy named Saša Radich, he weighed in at 8 lbs. 10-1/4 ozs., 21-1/2 inches, at 10:53 on the 14 of May. Congradulations to all three of you...Visiting the Gulermovichs from YUGO are Cedo and Magdelina Lukcic, WELCOME!..Don't forget our fourth of July on the fifth!, we will have a drawing for \$800.00 cash, tickets will be \$10.00 but we are only selling 250, so once again the odds will be great, and then of course the bar-b-que tickets will be \$5.00 with plenty of all the good stuff available. Well I guess I better close before I have to publish this in book form.

See you next month...Toodle...OO!!

Yugoslav Radio Hour

Be sure and listen to the YUGOSLAV RADIO HOUR every Sunday at 9:35 a.m. at 1340 on your dial, that's radio station KOMY. The producers and hosts are YACO members, Andy and Ann Soldo. They will gladly play any request that you wish. Call or write the Soldos c/o Station KOMY, 40 Atkinson Lane, Watsonville, CA 95076. They will play any request whether it be birthday, anniversary or any special announcement. This program is one of the most important links with the Yugoslav community and we strongly urge you to support the YUGOSLAV RADIO HOUR. The music is most enjoyable and the Soldos bring us the latest as well as old favorites from Yugoslavia.

Gift Idea!

If you would like to send a friend or relative a gift subscription of the KALIFORNSKI, the cost is now (maybe not for long with the high rise of inflation), only \$5.00. It would be a great way to keep them informed as to what is happening not only in Watsonville but all over. We will keep them tuned in to the YUGOSLAV culture and its happenings. Send your check and the name of the person who is to receive the gift subscription to: YACO, Subscription, P.O.Box 226, Watsonville, CA 95077. Make checks payable to YACO.



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| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| A a - Arm, h <u>ard</u> | * L l - Love |
| B b - B <u>oy</u> | * Lj lj - meda <u>Li</u> on |
| C c - ca <u>TS</u> | * M m - Mea <u>t</u> |
| C c - CH <u>arge</u> | * N n - Ne <u>st</u> |
| C c - fu <u>Ture</u> | * Nj nj - ca <u>NY</u> on |
| D d - Di <u>ne</u> | * O o - to <u>y</u> |
| Dj dj - Geo <u>rge</u> | * P p - Pl <u>ac</u> e |
| Dz dz - ma <u>Jestic</u> | * R r - Ro <u>p</u> e |
| E e - p <u>Et</u> | * S s - Sp <u>or</u> t |
| F f - Fi <u>sh</u> | * S s - SH <u>i</u> p |
| G g - G <u>o</u> | * T t - To <u>p</u> |
| H h - Ho <u>u</u> se | * U u - Bl <u>ue</u> |
| I i - I <u>nk</u> | * V v - Ve <u>r</u> y |
| J j - Y <u>ar</u> d | * Z z - Z <u>eb</u> ra |
| K k - K <u>in</u> d | * Z z - plea <u>SU</u> re |

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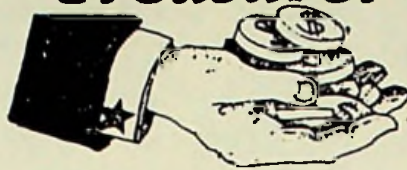
MICHELLE SOLANO has offered to serve as the YACO Photographer. She will be on hand for all of our affairs and will be snapping shots of you while attending these events. We will bring our scrapbook up to date and have it available in the near future for your perusal and enjoyment. Welcome "MISSY"!!

SUNSHINE COMMITTEE

Remember, if a friend or relative is ill or recovering from an illness, please call ANN CERNOKUS at 724-5179 or drop her a line to let her know. ANN will send the YACO member a Get Well card letting them know that we are thinking of them.

Also, if a YACO member has suffered a death in the family, please let us know so that we might offer our condolences and see that a member will go to the house of the bereaved family to take a dish of some kind thereby helping the family at this difficult time. Call ANN CERNOKUS at 724-5179 so that Ann can attend to calling on her committee.

Treasurer's Report



by
Ron Hill

BANK BALANCE AS OF MAY 15, 1981

\$ 1,310.25

INCOME

| | |
|-------------------|--------|
| Memberships | 150.00 |
| Subscriptions | 10.00 |
| Refund From Fair | |
| Grounds | 34.00 |
| Advertisement | 80.00 |
| Personal Messages | 4.00 |

Total Income \$ 278.00

DEPOSIT

| | |
|---------|---------------|
| 4/23/81 | \$ 114.00 |
| 5/6/81 | <u>164.00</u> |

Total Deposits \$ 278.00

EXPENSES

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Penguin Printing | |
| (tkts. for Dinner) | 12.51 |
| Bus Trip(SJ) | 10.00 |
| Mailing Kalifornski | 46.76 |
| Supplies for | |
| Dinner | 13.00 |
| Donation (Veseli | |
| Seljaci Costume | |
| Fund) | 50.00 |
| Anbar Storage | 27.50 |
| Penguin Printing | |
| Newsletter | 238.99 |
| VFW Rent | 35.00 |
| Salinas Concert | |
| Association | 180.00 |
| Miramar Grill | |
| (Material for | |
| Dinner) | 65.00 |
| Height's Mkt. | 349.06 |
| Bank Error | 9.00 |
| Total Expenses | \$ 1,036.82 |

EXPENSES FOR DINNER

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| Rent on Bldg. | 200.00 |
| Deposit on Bldg. | 105.00 |
| Printing Circulars | 32.38 |
| Mailing Circulars | 43.68 |
| Printing Dinner Tkts. | 12.51 |
| Western Auto | 19.15 |
| Pajaro Food | 54.00 |
| Corralitos Mkt. | 119.52 |
| Salad Mix | 31.00 |
| Mity Nice Bakery | 46.45 |
| Miramar Grill | 65.00 |
| Heights Mkt. | 349.06 |
| Donation (Veseli | |
| Seljaci) | 50.00 |
| Total Expenses | \$ 1,127.75 |

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| Refund from Deposit on | |
| Building | 34.00 |
| Deposited from Dinner | 1,810.50 |
| Total Deposits | 1,844.50 |
| Total Profits | 716.75 |

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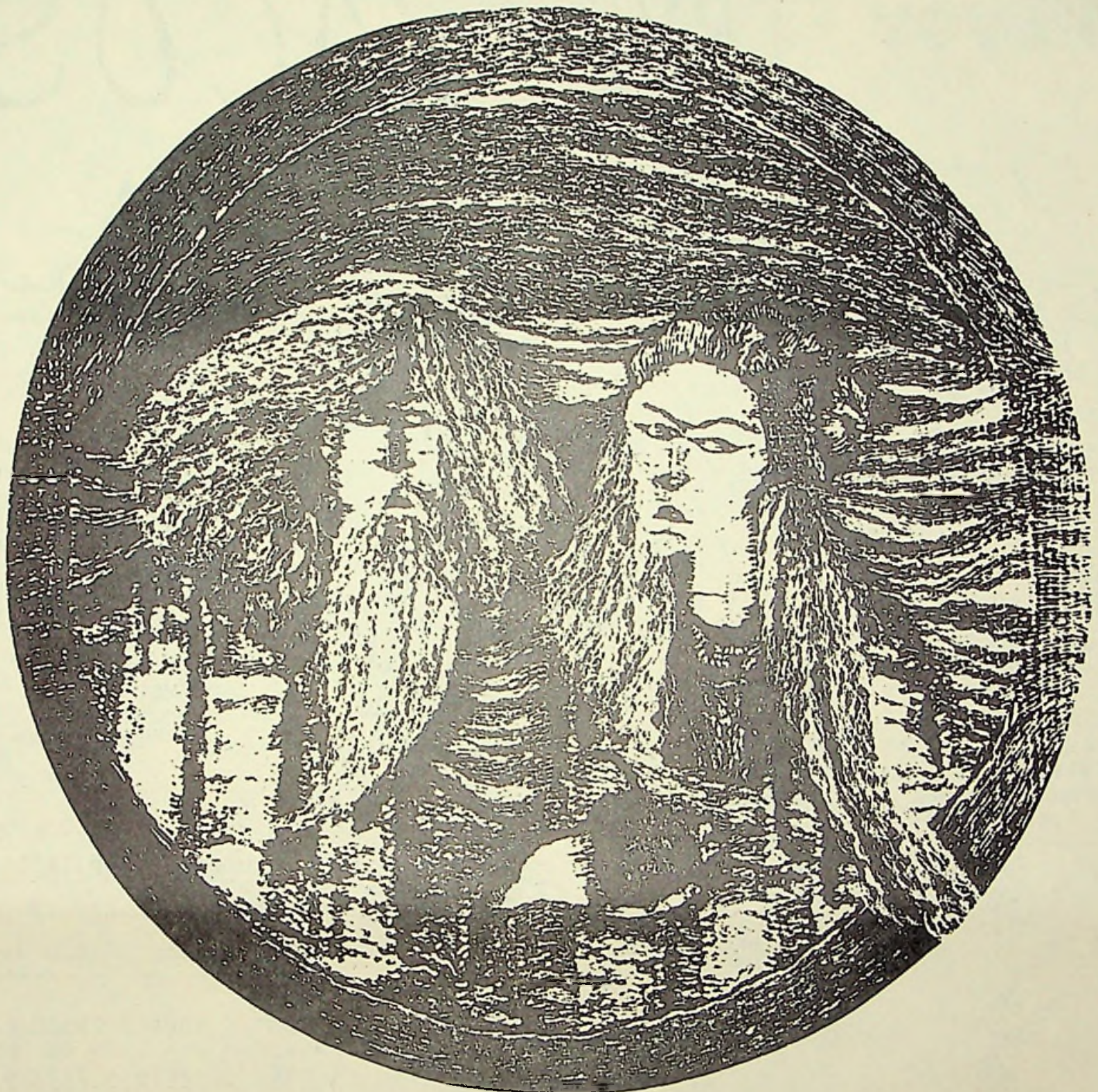
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KARLO ZAGO DJUROVICH



TAPESTRIES

"SANJARENJE NA ZAPADU"

May 15 - July 15, 1981

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GALLERY HOURS MONDAY-FRIDAY 10-4 P.M.

KARLO ZAGO DJUROVICH

Karlo Djurovich was born in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, in 1945. From 1960 to 1965, even as a student in the gymnasium, he participated in group exhibitions of many art forms throughout Croatia. In 1969 he was graduated from the National Academy of Pedagogy for Graphic Arts in Zagreb and in 1970 did post-graduate work at the Studio for Serigraphic Arts, also in Zagreb.

In 1971 he established his own studio in Dubrovnik and began work in serigraphs and tapestries. He had his first one-man exhibition in Europe at the Syndicate Gallery, Dubrovnik, in 1972; his second at Gallery New Forms, Athens, Greece, in 1974; his third at the Exhibition Hall of the National Organization of Hellenic Handicrafts, Athens, in 1975; and his fourth at the Mamiya Gallery, Athens, in 1976. He had his first one-man exhibition in the United States at the Martin-Caraway-Martin Gallery, Dallas, Texas, in 1977; his second at Calic Gallery, San Francisco, California in 1978; his third at Den Van Gallery, San Francisco, 1979; and his fourth at Concourse Gallery, Bank of America World Headquarters, San Francisco, in 1980.

Mr. Djurovich is represented in public and private collections in Yugoslavia, Greece, Italy, West Germany, Switzerland, Holland, England, Finland, Israel, Canada, the United States, Mexico, and Australia.

His tapestries are on display for public viewing in the Museum Josip Broz Tito, Belgrade, Yugoslavia; Exhibition Hall Ivo Yukusic, Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia; Hotel Sithonia, Porto Carras, Halkidiki, Greece; Exhibition Hall of the National Organization of Hellenic Handicrafts, Athens, Greece; Gallery New Forms, Athens; the United States Embassy, Athens; the National Bank of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois; the Martin-Caraway-Martin Gallery, Dallas, Texas; the Mason Jar Restaurant, Houston, Texas; Den Van Gallery, San Francisco, California; the Dolphin Antiques and Art Gallery, San Francisco, California; and St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, California.

THE TAPESTRIES OF KARLO ZAGO DJUROVICH

I know of no modern tapestries which exploit the possibilities of texture, color and subject matter as intriguingly as those of Karlo Zago Djurovich. The traditional tools of the artist-tapestry maker—his fibers, dyes, dreams, cultural background (in this case, particularly the places he has lived and worked: Dubrovnik, Athens, and San Francisco), and especially, his hands—have come together here to produce works of art which are unlike any I know.

The raw materials are simple: hemp rope, in various stages of being unravelled, hand-dyed with natural pigments imported from Greece and Yugoslavia. The technique seems simple enough on paper: vertical strands of hemp—the warp—are attached to nails on opposite ends of a wooden frame, and the wool is woven through the warp by hand. But the seemingly simple materials and technique belie the complexity of the result, and particularly the richness of the textures and colors. The colors reflecting the origins of both the dyes and the artist, are predominately Mediterranean: note especially the light blues and browns (actually several shades of blue and brown, blended into wholes which seem to be in motion). The most striking thing about these tapestries, however, is Djurovich's manipulation of surface textures, textures which have become more complex through the years. In the earlier works, such as "St. Sebastian" (1975) and "Goose" (1976) variety of texture is achieved chiefly through using different thicknesses of hemp on a flat surface. He then developed the technique of raising the surface of the tapestry into three-dimensional bulges, so that the subject reaches out toward the viewer. In more recent works, that surface is further enriched by unravelled and loosely braided hemp (most effectively in "Reverie").

In his more recent works, Djurovich seems to be moving away from the earlier Byzantine influences. In "First Song" (1981) the sunny, lonely figure of a woman are dominated. The gnarled limbs of a similar tree, even more sinister, seem to be trying to attach themselves to and destroy the medieval monastery in "Reverie" (1980). Aside from perhaps symbolizing changes in the artist's inspiration, the sad and pensive eyes of a black woman look over her left shoulder at a group of geometrical shapes which may represent bales of cotton and the former slavery of her race. There is also a tropical languidness in "Remembrance" absent from the early works: observe the elaborate folds of the dress, the exotic flower in the hand, the elaborately coiffed manes of both the woman and the sphinx-like lapdog reclining behind her, and the luxurious, undulating curve of her rich red lips (so different from those grim, thin peasant lips of the figures of "The Four Seasons").

Only the artist knows where he will go from here, but it appears that his journey away from Byzantium will be even more interesting than his sojourn there.

Francis L. Nye, Ph.D.

Karlo Djurovich's tapestries are powerful expressions of his place and its history. There is nothing trendy or precious about his work.

A vigorous and youthful voice, he speaks from his roots, evoking with superb color and texture the mood of the Byzantine Empire. A recurring theme is the monastery on a rock that rises from an inland sea.

I find these mystical islands uplifting symbols of beauty and hope in this contemporary and pragmatic world.

Mary Tolman Kent, Berkeley, March 30, 1981

I take pleasure in thanking,

Mrs. and Consul General of the S.F. R. of Yugoslavia

Mr. Bozidar Ristic

Monterey Peninsula Museum of Art

Mrs. June Braucht,

Monterey Conference Center

Mrs. Ilene Tuttle

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Bergeson

Mr. Warren E. Blazier

Mr. Robert W. Canon

Mrs. Laura A. Hess-Hay

Prof. Paul V. Juhl

Prof. and Mrs. T. J. Kent

Mr. Mark D. Orewyler

Mr. James M. Stone

for their aid and cooperation in the mounting of this exhibition.

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Winter flight schedule starts on November 1, 1980.

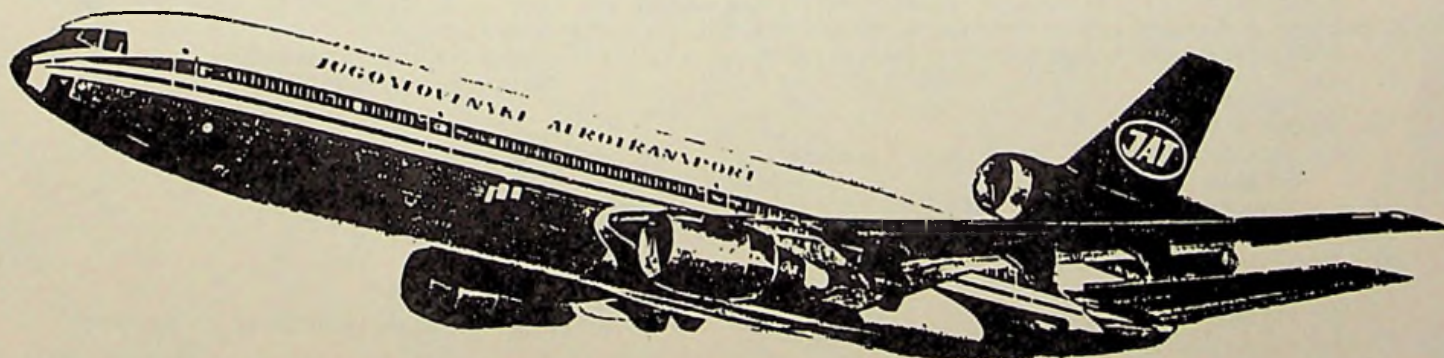
In addition to New York, this winter for the first time, JAT will have flights regularly from Chicago to Belgrade via Zagreb every Tuesday.

Our domestic flights to the big cities in Yugoslavia are arranged so that they have a good connection with Transatlantic flights from New York and Chicago.

JAT believes that its winter schedule will be an excellent opportunity for arrival of your relatives and friends from the Old Country.

Because of the energy fuel crisis, JAT had to raise their prices even though JAT regrets doing that, and for more than a year JAT did NOT increase their prices, we have still tried to be the most economical as opposed to the other companies.

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Sports In Yugoslavia



by John (Ivo) Basor

Rezultati 29.kola nogometnog prvenstva Jugoslavije

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| RADNIČKI - DINAMO | 0:2 |
| VARDAR - C. ZVEZDA | 2:4 |
| OFK BEOGRAD - NAPREDAK | 2:1 |
| PARTIZAN- BUDUĆNOST | 0:0 |
| SLOBODA - VELEŽ | 2:1 |
| SARAJEVO - HAJDUK | 1:1 |
| ZAGREB - OLIMPIJA | 1:0 |
| RIJEKA - VOJVODINA | 2:1 |
| BORAC - ŽELJEZNIČAR | 5:2 |

Na tabeli vodi C. Zvezda sa 37 bodova drugi je Radnički sa 36, a treći Hajduk sa 34 boda.

- . -

Mladi jugoslovenski teniser Živojinović, osvojio je prvo mjesto na međunarodnom prvenstvu Italije u tenisu.

- . -

Na tirniru četiri najbolja stolnotenisača Evrope, održanom u Holandiji, jugoslovenski šampion Dragutin Šurbek osvojio je prvo mjesto.

- . -

U košarkaškoj reprezentaciji Evrope, ovoga ljeta, nastupiće najviše Jugoslovena: Čosić, Kóćanović, Delibašić i Dalipagić.

- . -

Na turneji po Jugoslaviji nalazi se američka ekipa ABA. U do sada četiri odigrane utakmice sa reprezentacijom Jugoslavije, tri puta su pobijedili Jugosloveni, a jednom ABA.

SERBO-CROAT

by NEVENKA RADICH

U RESTORANU "DVA GOLUBA" II dio

Konobar: Izvolite vas ručak. Here is your dinner.

Petar: Hvala vam, nismo dugo čekali. Thank you, we did not wait too long.

Mira: Vi ste veoma uslužni. You are very kind. Ručak izgleda dobro. The dinner looks good. Pa, prijatno Petre! Good appetite Peter!

Petar: Hvala Miro, takodje. Thank you Mira, same to you.

Mira: A gdje je vino? And where is the wine?

Petar: Evo konobara, nosi nam vino! Here is the waiter, and he is bringing the wine.

Konobar: Izvolite vino. Here is the wine. Nadam se da vam je ručak prijatan. I hope the dinner is to your taste.

Mira i Petar: Veoma smo zadovoljni. We are very satisfied.

Petar: Miro, probaj vino, veoma je ukusno. Mira, try the wine it is very tasty.

Mira: Ja bih željela ovdje i večerati. I would like to eat supper here too.

Petar: Kad počinjete služiti večeru? When do you start to serve the supper?

Konobar: U šest sati. At six o'clock. Imat ćemo specijalitete sa roštilja. We will have specialties from the grill. Bit će i muzika. There will be music too.

Mira: Baš divno, Petre! Wonderful, Peter! Imamo vremena i za plažu i za obilazak grada. We will have enough time for the beach, and for the sight seeing of the city.

Petar: Sad želim da platim. Now I want to pay. Molim, koliko košta ovaj ručak? Please, how much is the dinner?

Konobar: Izvolite račun. Here is the bill. Tristo pedeset dinara. Three hundred and fifty dinars.

Petar: Izvolite i hvala vam. Here is, and thank you. Vidjet ćemo se večeras. We will see you this evening.

Konobar: Hvala i do vidjenja. Thank you, and good-bye.

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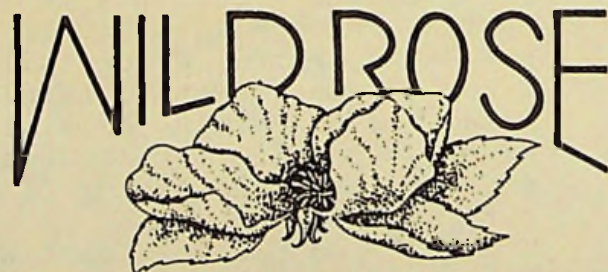
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We earnestly invite you to join the Yugoslav American Cultural Organization (YACO). We are a non-political and non-religiously oriented group and our main purpose for organizing is simply to bring the various members of the Slavic community at large together for their mutual cultural enjoyment. We are very proud to have among our members Yugoslav Americans whose families came from the many different regions and republics of today's Yugoslavia. Our goals are as we have mentioned before, ONLY to promote a cultural awareness and appreciation of our heritage as well as to bring Slavs and non-Slavs together in social gatherings. Our programs include folk dances from all regions of Yugoslavia as well as slides and movie presentations, history lectures, folk singing, language instruction, and other various cultural activities. Won't you consider joining us for a good time as well as a very informative experience? Our dues are as follows: Family membership is \$10.00 per year; Single membership is \$5.00 per year; and Social (non-worker) membership is \$15.00 per year. All of these memberships include a subscription to this monthly publication THE KALIFORNSKI. We will guarantee that you'll be happy that you joined. The nicest people belong to YACO. How about you?

For your convenience we are including several application forms which you may fill out and clip, mailing to YACO, P.O. Box 226, Watsonville, CA 95077. You may also send a gift subscription or membership to someone. Simply send their name and address with your check to YACO Gift, P.O. Box 226, Watsonville, CA 95077.

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BY NIKOLA GAVRANIC

WINES OF HERZEGOVINA

Along the road from Sarajevo leading towards the Adriatic Sea, past the little township of Jablanica, we come to the superb landscapes of the canyon of the Neretva River. Following the course of this clear river for less than 50 kilometres brings us to the city on the Neretva - Mostar. This city

straddling the borderline between the Orient and the West is the cultural, economic and political centre of Herzegovina, and also of a renowned winegrowing region that goes back to the 5th century. The thousand-year winegrowing traditions are well-documented. In settlements in the immediate environs: Blagaj 12 km, Buna 11 km, and Počitelj 30 km away, and somewhat further south, and in the old Roman

fortress of Mogorjelo, there are still traces testifying to the development of winegrowing in that distant period.

The city of Mostar, famous for its impressive stone bridge built in the 16th century, is just as famous for its high-quality wines — Zilavka-Mostar (white) and Blatina-Mostar (red). These are very distinctive wines that attain their finest quality only in these Herzegovinian

vineyards. They are therefore protected by law and hold a place of honour among Yugoslav wines. Exceptional quality, aroma and bouquet distinguish the products of these vineyards, which in area (4,500 hectares) are still relatively small. Mostar's wine cellars with their expert enologists, have succeeded in preserving the tradition and even improving the quality of these wines, which are

exported to many European and other countries: Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, the United States, Canada, the USSR and others. The wines of Herzegovina have been evaluated at numerous international exhibitions in Paris, London, Budapest, Barcelona, Lausanne, Ljubljana, Novi Sad, and elsewhere, and have been classed amongst the best in the world.

Tapestries and Hand Blocked Prints on Silk
by

Karlo Djurovich of Yugoslavia

June 2 — June 30, 1981

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*Rado' se pjeva u starom kraju...
= Pjevaj mi pjevaj, sokole =*

*Pjevaj mi pjevaj, sokole, haj sokole,
ko što si sinoc pjevao, haj pjevao
u mojoj bašti šarenoj, haj šarenoj
pod mojom ružom rumenom, haj rumenom.
Moja je draga raspala, haj raspala
vedro joj nebo nad glavom, haj nad glavom,
a studen kamen pod glavom, haj pod glavom.
Ja sam joj kamen izmak'o, haj izmak'o
a desnu ruku podmak'o, haj podmak'o.*

UKRATKO

U Watsonvilleu su ovih dana boravili Cedo i Magdalena Lukšić iz Kupara kod Dubrovnika. Oni su bili gosti porodice Gulermovich. Lukšićima želimo da odavde ponesu najljepše utiske i da štetno stignu u stari kraj.

Naš sugradjanin i član YACO, Pero Biskup, vratio se iz bolnice, gdje je bio na operaciji. Peru Biskupu želimo brzo ozdravljenje i dobro zdravlje.

New Ideas



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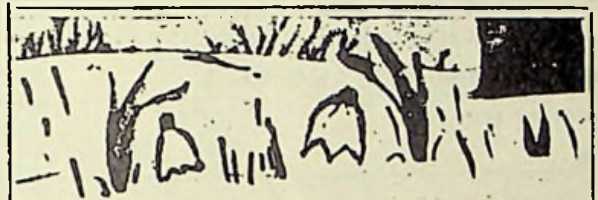
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